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NEWS & VIEWS

Toxins Are In

It is hardly surprising that Pentagon and State should have been at loggerheads over Presidential intent regarding chemical-biological weapons.

Nixon's statement had a neat, sweeping tone about it, but, as usual, the sound was better than the meaning. A study group of the American Friends Service Committee analyzed the announcement and figured the President's ban affected less than 10 percent of the military's CBW arsenal.

Thus, the Army, recognizing the nuances, continued to manufacture disease-producing toxins. State howled in pain at the loss of practical and propaganda advantages. And White House aide Kissinger said hold until the National Security Council could clarify things.

It was a typical Nixon-Administration scene, the school desegregation and welfare fiascos all over again. Just what does the Administration mean when it opens its mouth?

Defense Secretary Laird settled the matter before another sun could set: the military is free to push ahead on toxins. Germ weapons inducing botulism, diptheria, staphylococcus, food poisoning, typhoid and the like are exempt from the President's prohibitions.

Which sort of puts the grand germ-warfare gesture in another light entirely, doesn't it.

The Friends' study group is on the mark in suggesting that the Nov. 25 speech served more to disarm the President's critics than to disarm the U.S. CBW capacity.

Likewise, not so cynical after all appear those who said from the beginning that ulterior motives, not all of them lofty, influenced Nixon's CBW announcement—motives such as the defusing of world reaction to the Mylai 4 revelations; such as upstaging Congressman Richard McCarthy, whose book *The Ultimate Folly: War by Pestilence, Asphyxiation, and Defoliation* was to be published the next day; such as blunting a House report on CBW activities, also to be released the next day.

You've got to be up early to beat Dick Nixon to the worms.

Nailing Down the South

The one redeeming performance in the sad Dec. 11 spectacle, when the House rolled back the clock on voting rights, was that of Congressman William McCulloch of Ohio.

McCulloch, senior Republican on the House Judiciary Committee, minced no words: "The Administration bill . . . creates a remedy for which there is no wrong and leaves grievous wrongs without adequate remedy."

The specifics: "On the one hand, it bans literacy tests in States from which neither the Justice Department, nor the U. S. Commission on Civil Rights, nor the NAACP, nor the ACLU has yet received a single complaint. On the other hand, it drastically relaxes the Federal attack on discrimination in States where the evidence shows that there is unflagging dedication to the cause of creating an ever more sophisticated 'legal' machinery for discriminating against the black voter."

The old goals of the South are being achieved, McCulloch charged; all that's changed are the means. They're more subtle—like gerrymandering boundary lines to dilute black voting strength; abolishing elective offices where blacks have a chance at winning; changing polling stations at the 11th hour; switching from the elective to the appointive process, etc., etc.

"Will all this be put to an end by simply abolishing literacy tests?" McCulloch asked. "Every day in the South we witness a new way to discriminate. But the Administration bill would attack only one—the use of literacy tests. All the rest is retreat."

But McCulloch was casting pearls before—well, you know. The House voted 208-203 to terminate the Voting Rights Act of 1965 in favor of an Administration bill supported by the attorney general of Mississippi and described by the legislative director of the NAACP as a "cataclysmic defeat" for the civil rights movement.

The bill now is in the Senate, awaiting action early in the new year. Hopes aren't dashed yet that the good guys will recoup House losses.

" . . . And did you voluntarily accept a free, hot meal from known Black Panthers at nine a.m., September nine, nineteen hun'ert an' sixty-nine?"

To Visit the Imprisoned

Surplus amounts from the sum financing Bishop Antulio Parilla's pilgrimage to political prisoners in U.S. jails are to be turned over to the defense funds of those whom the Puerto Rican Jesuit is visiting—conscientious objectors, draft resisters, GI's and others imprisoned for witness to conscience.

But there may be no surplus; there may not even be enough to cover Bishop Parilla's expenses.

The bishop's tour began Dec. 18; it ends Jan. 18 after stops at Allenwood-Lewisburg, Leavenworth, Fort Dix and such places.

Folks wishing to help may send contributions to Paul Mayer, c/o Catholic Peace Fellowship, 339 Lafayette St., NYC, 10012.

Odds and Ends

—Neat as you please, the Pentagon has solved its "cost overrun" problems. It's suppressed the phrase in favor of "cost growth." Now let the White House redefine stalemate to mean victory and, bingo, Vietnam is a war won.

—The silent majority needs a goosing up Boston way. A back-Nixon rally sponsored by the State VFW aimed to draw 50,000 Dec. 13 to the Boston Common. The press put the turnout at "a few hundred." A count of an AP wirephoto revealed 77 persons and two American flags.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Mobe and the Church

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: Your "News & Views" item in the Dec. 5 issue about the hospitality of Washington Catholic churches to the young marchers during the Nov. 13-15 Moratorium is only partly true.

St. Stephen Martyr Church as well as other Catholic parishes in this city opened basements and kitchens to the marchers for Friday night before the march. At its regular monthly meeting the previous Monday night, the parish council of St. Stephen Martyr Church voted to accept visitors sent to its hall by the fellowship group of the neighboring George Washington University. The council acted on the basis of hospitality to visitors in the city.

One question in the council discussion was the diocesan policy of extending support to such groups. No explicit policy was known to the council. The parish participated in the Poor Peoples' Campaign in 1968, and a council member read an article from the November 7th *Washington Post* which seemed to support affirmative action. The article reported a statement from the local interracial council, which included Cardinal O'Boyle's representative, to the effect that residents should support and encourage a peaceful and orderly march.

With this background, the council voted to open its doors to the marchers. On Wednesday, November 12th, the Cardinal's secretary informed the parish administrator that the churches were not to be used for housing marchers and invited the administrator to participate in a meeting of the Catholic clergy the next day.

The meeting was apparently to discuss use of the churches as backup emergency facilities for the Red Cross and similar organizations. I do not know the precise nature of the Thursday meeting. But as of Friday night at 10 o'clock, the meeting's purpose was less important

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ON BEHALF OF THE POOR

It wasn't the best of years, 1969, for the poor of America. It wasn't only that inflation made meager funds more meager; or that the food stamp program languished in communities where it was needed the most (seven states and 413 counties resisted it completely); or that welfare services were among the first to feel the pinch of state economies, and that this, together with the other developments, penalized the poor beyond all reason. It was a bad year for the poor for all these reasons, plus the crystallization of a curious animosity—what the bishops of New York State in an incisive Advent pastoral diagnosed as "growing bitterness and resentment" to the presence of the nation's 30 million poor among us.

The poor have never been popular objects of national sympathy, but, popular or not, it did appear as though their needs would at last be met in a country affluent beyond all dreams. After all, Richard Nixon was pledging to bring the people together again, and presumably that had social as well as political implications; also, last May he was affirming that "the moment is at hand to put an end to hunger in America"; and he did embrace the idea of a guaranteed family income. But the pious resolves, the White House Conference on Food, Nutrition and Health summed to what for the poor at year's end? The threat of a Presidential veto for a labor, health, education and welfare appropriation which is $1.5 billion above the sum stipulated as adequate by Mr. Nixon. Not so cynical all of a sudden were the social crusaders who said that the government was much more concerned about the cholesterol intake of the middle class than the rickets of the poor.

Mr. Nixon can change his mind about the labor-HEW appropriation and decide that the $1.5 billion can be spared, but psychologically the damage has been done. $1.5 billion is less than one month's expense for Vietnam, and that's the whole point. There's money for war and arms and supersonic planes and the preferences of the well-to-do, but neither money nor, no less importantly, determination to cope with the pressing social needs of the poor. Former HEW secretary John W. Gardner has a phrase for it: "a kind of paralysis of will," which, he notes, renders the nation inert in the face of domestic social problems.

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Gardner's target, of course, is Richard Nixon whom he is faulting more and more for "failure of leadership"; "he must do more to set a tone of urgency to which we can all respond," Gardner argues. It is a crucial observation, for the President of the United States can be more than detached chief executive and commander-in-chief. No one is in a better position to shape national values. Mr. Nixon talks a good game. "I not only accept the responsibility—I claim the responsibility" for ending hunger and malnutrition in America, he told delegates to his White House Conference. But his performance leaves much to be desired. He declines even to declare any hunger and malnutrition emergency, and he indicates over and over that considerations of budget and the machinery of government take precedence over the pursuit of social reform.

If this is the feeling on the highest level of leadership, there is little wonder about the attitude of those who take their cue from Presidential sentiment. It is only half-steps from insensitivity to deprecation to the phenomenon cited by New York's bishops: ". . . rather than address ourselves to the root causes of poverty, to direct our energies to a just and equitable distribution of the goods of creation, we tend to engage in invectives about the poor and the maligning of their moral character."

The bishops spoke in the context of New York State; they did not allude even obliquely to Richard Nixon. But just as the social perversity they spoke of has its reflection nationally, so does responsibility for general attitudes extend beyond local and regional citizenries. It is a serious matter when government trims one or another service to the poor; it is no less serious—precisely because he does affect the tone of the country—when the President places fiscal over human priorities.

Gardner declares that Mr. Nixon must not only offer new social programs, but must be willing to fight for them in the Congress as he fought for the ABM and for Clement Haynsworth. It's an important, if obvious, recommendation—an immediate corrective to the national paralysis of will detected by Gardner and an antidote to the middle-class hostility cited by New York's bishops.

If Mr. Nixon does wish to move decisively in behalf of the poor, he doesn't have to search for programs around which to energize his instincts and rally the empathies of the public. All he need do is adopt the five priorities of the White House Conference he was so quick to discount: the declaration of a hunger emergency; interim food program extension to all poor people; an *adequate* guaranteed national income; a free lunch and breakfast service for all school children; and revision of the administration of programs for hunger relief. This is not all that demands doing, but it's a start—toward helping the poor and saving the souls of the fat and fed.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

The editors of this magazine are pacific by nature, and one or two are freelance cowards by trade, so we tend to be unenthusiastic about soldierly glory. Battles may be necessary on occasion, but that's the most we can say for them. Now, though, we have finally found a military engagement we really like. It's what the Cairo radio recently called the "Battle of the Northern Suez Canal" and what we like about it is that it existed only in the minds of the Egyptian commentators. Hour by hour and day by day Cairo radio gave a detailed description of an Egyptian raid in force across the Suez Canal, complete with colorful descriptions and loads of drama—all completely imaginary and apparently designed only to help in the celebration of the end of Ramadan, the Moslem holy month of dawn-to-dusk fasting. Some people may object to this kind of fabrication, but not we; indeed, we think it entirely possible that the Egyptians have come up with the greatest idea since Cain and Abel. Just for a start, why can't the U.S. and North Vietnam withdraw all their troops from South Vietnam and content themselves with a stiff competition for the most dramatic and imaginative communiqué—all, of course, made up out of whole cloth. A great way to start the New Year, say we, and more power to them.

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A Pinch of SALT at the UN

Whether or not the point of no return in the development of strategic weapons could be reached in a matter of "three to six months"—the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute's November projection—the on-going U.S.-Soviet SALT talks turned the 1969 UN debate on what is inaccurately called "disarmament" into something a little less routine, a little less remote. In fact, most of the key proposals on this item in the Main Political Committee were in essence either appeals directed to, or commitments of, the two nuclear giants.

Initiatives on some of these had already been taken by the 12 nonaligned members of the (Geneva) Conference of the Committee on Disarmament, all of whom, once back on the East River, were well aware of the U.S.-Soviet unwillingness to "lose" in New York what they had "won" in Geneva.

The two giants enjoy in Geneva greater power, relatively and constitutionally. They are the permanent co-chairmen of the CCD, a body not set up by the General Assembly—merely required to report to it—and enjoying special autonomy. Its expansion from 18 to 26 last summer, for example, was a purely U.S.-Soviet decision.

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So when the nonaligned found themselves immediately under "tremendous" pressure (privately, of course) to withdraw their "moratorium" draft, nobody was much surprised. This was the request, tabled in the context of the SALT talks: that the two superpowers "agree, as an urgent preliminary measure, on a moratorium on further testing and deployment of new . . . strategic nuclear-weapons systems."

The nonaligned were unmoved.

The Netherlands delegation was then prevailed upon to table a compromise, expressing the hope that the SALT talks would lead to substantial agreement and calling on the superpowers to "refrain from any action which might be prejudicial to the achievement of this aim." This was rejected, and the original formulation won by a vote of 82 for, none against, and 37 abstentions.

The United States and the Soviet Union had their own reasons for abstaining, among which was the fact that they don't care to be told what to do. They implied that had the Dutch "amendment" been adopted, the resolution could have had their support, since it merely asked them to *refrain* from doing something—and left the "something" undefined. But most of those who abstained did so either out of deference to the sensitivities of the two superpowers or because of strong direct pressures, or both.

The Soviet Union did not comment officially after the vote but the Byelorussian SSR held that the decision "might actually serve to hinder the businesslike course of these talks." Nor did the United States make a formal statement. But she was again edgy, a few days later, over a resolution maintaining that the Geneva Protocol of 1925 prohibited "in international armed conflicts" the use of all chemical and bacteriological agents.

This was another nonaligned initiative taken in Geneva last spring. But meantime the United States (via Mr. Nixon's statement of November 25 on CBW, asking the Senate to ratify the Protocol) had maintained that the Protocol did not outlaw tear gas (or even CS gas, presumably, since that too has been used in Vietnam) or herbicides.

Again Washington tried to get the resolution withdrawn. But again the nonaligned and other "small" states stood their ground.

The United States argued (a) that chemical herbicides were unknown in 1925 and to extend the Protocol to include them was to engage in "lawmaking," and, irrelevantly (b) that tear gas for riot control was not forbidden by the Protocol.

Ambassador Sverker Aström (Sweden) underscored the very real risk "that the restrictive interpretation, once it has been advanced, may gain ground unless it is promptly met by strong and manifest support for the comprehensive interpretation."

The vote was 80 Yes, 3 No (U.S., Australia, and Portugal) with 36 abstentions. Again, the abstentions reflected political pressures—and procedural considerations (e.g., Is the Assembly the appropriate channel? etc.). But on the aims of the resolution there was broad concurrence. The sponsors, while under no illusion that the vote would influence American policy on the use of gases and herbicides, believed it had, at the very least, registered the fact that that policy enjoyed virtually no support in this organization.

The Soviet draft convention banning all chemical and bacteriological weapons and the British draft directed at bacteriological weapons only (presumably out of deference to the Americans in Vietnam) were returned, by resolution, to Geneva.

That, too, is the route to be taken by another proposal, but in this case deviously. Not until the Assembly's 11th hour did the two giants, reportedly still in disagreement over further changes in the text, "submit" their draft treaty on the prohibition of weapons of mass destruction from the sea-bed and ocean floor.

Many a delegation, believing the document (albeit "revised") to be riddled with holes still, had proposed changes. But with no time left to debate the issue, the 124 non-superpower members of the UN had no choice but to adopt by acclamation a resolution remitting the treaty back to the CCD for review and eventual resubmission to the Assembly.

In fact nobody seems to know just how the treaty will be channeled. But in any event the nonaligned will press for improvements in Geneva next year. The final version, however, will be only what the two giants want it to be; that is now axiomatic, whether the issue is sea-beds or strategic arms. BETTY PILKINGTON

(Betty Pilkington, a previous contributor, is United Nations correspondent for Pacifica radio.)

Breaking Ranks and Breaking Dissenters

Tacoma, Wash.

Thirty-five soldiers at Fort Lewis, Wash., made the rather audacious decision several weeks ago to hold a meeting of the American Servicemen's union on this sprawling base, which processes 15,000 troops a week for Vietnam. The quiet gathering at the Cascadian Service Club droned on as several speakers explained the purpose of the union, one of several organizations of dissident GI's that are gaining strength around the country. Suddenly the room was invaded by a squad of Military Police.

"The sergeant said, 'Let me have those papers,' and

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put us under arrest—without even looking at the papers," recalled James L. Vonasch, a young lawyer who was attending the meeting in case of trouble. "He was clearly just trying to harass us, he had no specific charge in mind." (The papers were underground journals that can be possessed, but not distributed, on the post.)

The 35 soldiers and three civilians were taken to post headquarters and held behind bars for several hours before they were released. A number of the soldiers were restricted to their company area or the post for several weeks. Several have testified that they were threatened with courts-martial. One soldier was told his application for conscientious objector would be denied; a week later he received orders to Vietnam, which were illegal, since his CO application was still pending. He went AWOL and is still at large. In succeeding weeks many civilians, including a CBS camera crew, have had trouble gaining access to the base. The army first said the soldiers were charged with holding an unauthorized meeting; then the charge was changed to "boisterous behavior"; finally most charges were dropped.

These incidents indicate that army commanders are trying new and more subtle methods of silencing the growing number of rebellious soldiers who despise the Vietnam war and the whole military mentality. Last year the military tried to eliminate dissenters at Fort Jackson, S.C., and the Presidio in San Francisco by court-martialing them. The ensuing publicity was so embarrassing to the army that something else obviously had to be tried.

Another example of harassment occurred at Fort Carson, Colo., during Moratorium Day activities in October. Anti-war activists, who had started a coffee house for soldiers in Colorado Springs, obtained a copy of a confidential memorandum prepared for the Fort Carson command. The memo described plans to detain five dissident soldiers—"problem children," the memo called them—on base during Moratorium Day. In unmistakable language, the report detailed subterfuges that could be used to keep the soldiers busy—and thus violate their First Amendment rights. It can probably be assumed that if a report like that was prepared at Fort Carson, similar documents repose in the files of base commanders across the country.

Several days after the trouble at Fort Lewis the American Civil Liberties Union filed a suit in Federal court asking for a declaratory judgment that soldiers have a right to free speech and assembly without harassment. The union asked also for an injunction preventing the base commander or Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird from prohibiting meetings or disrupting them when they do occur. A final section sought an order declaring unconstitutional a prohibition against distributing literature on post.

Michael Rosen, the youthful director of the ACLU office in Seattle, said the incident was particularly important because of its potential for intimidation. "This was a clear attempt to stifle dissent," he said. "The word quickly got out around Fort Lewis that the men were arrested. Now soldiers think that holding meetings is something they shouldn't do. There is a tremendous amount of fear just being in the army, and this makes it much worse. It is an attempt to tell the soldiers, 'No matter what it says on paper, you don't have any rights in the army. We own your mind as well as your body.'" One example of the "chilling effect" of the case: 35 men were arrested but only 17 would agree to be plaintiffs in the ACLU suit. The rest were too frightened. The night the suit was filed I attended a meeting of the Servicemen's Union off the base; several soldiers said they wanted to join but were afraid of getting busted.

It is no longer news that middle-class, well-educated college students hate the war. But it is interesting when that feeling begins to seep down into the ranks of the high school grads and drop-outs who join the army in their teens and get shipped off as cannon fodder before they can even think, let alone vote. The meeting of the Servicemen's Union was held at the Shelter Half, a coffee house in Tacoma; it was started, like the ones in Colorado Springs and elsewhere, to provide a relaxed and informal environment where soldiers can meet each other and become exposed to the political currents of the world outside.

The night I was there, only one soldier out of 40 had graduated from college; many retained the accents and speech patterns of a rural and untutored boyhood. Most of their parents probably fly the flag on Veterans Day and paste stickers on their bumpers saying, "America—Love It Or Leave It." But something had happened to these young men. To some extent they had been infected with political ideas they did not always understand. But more important, many of them had been to Vietnam. They had fought and killed for reasons that seemed increasingly stupid and futile. They had been cogs in a murderous machine that had destroyed their own individuality along with the villages and the rice paddies and the peasants. They had, as they say, become "radicalized."

One of them was Pvt. Wade Carson, the son of a man who had spent 23 years in the army. What was bugging him? "The same thing that's bugging GI's all over," he said. "The harassment, not being treated as a human being. OK, you're supposed to be a man and able to make your own decisions. But you can't even express yourself. They say dissenters are helping the other side, but we're just trying to get our rights. They tell you when you go to Vietnam that you're defending the Constitution, but when you try to exercise your rights under the Constitution they throw you in jail."

STEPHEN V. ROBERTS

(Steven V. Roberts is the Los Angeles bureau chief of the New York Times.*)*

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Decoding the Decade, Paying the Bills

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times —no, that isn't really true. The '30s, for example, a decade I was not around to witness but the gloomy details of which have occupied all-too-much of my time, seem a much darker time than the '60s. Depression coming on like the plague, democracies going feverish and then stone dead, those ten years now look like an inexorable march toward the concentration camps and the battlefields of the '40s. Our recent past is presently taking it on the chin—"slum of a decade" and "bawd of a decade," were two terms of endearment I noted in the past week, along with "manic," "frenetic," "bewildering," and so on—but, like the headline which read "Nuclear Test in Aleutians; No Tidal Wave Occurs," we can take a chilly, negative kind of comfort in all the tidal waves which, given our follies, might have been, and weren't.

There is not space here for an over-arching historical, sociological, psychological, philosophical summation of the decade, even if the market were not flooded already. But as the President says, I would like to make one thing clear. Most of these summations latch onto the very unprecedented "mood" of these latter years—the burst of violence, of noise, of flamboyance—and treat the decade as a thing apart from the years that went before; when just the opposite, I believe, was true. The question is not whether the '60s took us by surprise (they did) but whether they should have. The '60s looked different but they were as related to what went before as the diastole of the heartbeat is to the systole.

The '60s were the decade of Paying Up: The bills finally fell due, with interest it seemed, and carrying charges too. The cities America had ignored so long, the environment we had pillaged in slapping together an "affluent society," the national psyche strained taut or worn numb in producing that American dynamism much of the world envies . . . yes, the bills came in. For 350 years of racial oppression, we had expected a bill; we just hadn't expected it to be very large. When it was, America was astonished; by now, we are astonished at our astonishment.

We thought that we had paid the price for the Cold War: the Marshall Plan, nuclear armaments and the Balance of Terror, Korea and stand-offs over Berlin. But we had not calculated right. There was the new military-industrial establishment to be fed and exercised regularly. There were national commitments scattered around the world. And there were hidden costs, too. The Central Intelligence Agency had run a very successful "cultural" operation; the eventual price was high: a great number of liberal intellectuals and even social democrats, whose experience and ideas might have been helpful to the New Left aborning, were compromised beyond credibility. Even McCarthyism exacted a price we had not suspected. The premium it had paid to intellectuals for being 'tough-minded" in their anti-Communism, the injuries it did to certain areas of scholarship such as China studies, had their unfortunate effects on public policy long after the junior Senator from Wisconsin was resting in peace.

Of course, it is probably mistaken to talk of the '60s as the Decade of Paying Up, if that suggests all the bills are now paid. In many cases, the first installment is barely in the mail. What those centuries of white racism or those tons of bombs dropped on Vietnam will eventually cost us, we can only begin to calculate. That the bill collector will still be pounding on the door is almost the only certain thing one can say about the '70s.

Speaking of predicting the '70s—and who, unfortunately, is not?—I wanted to survey the predictions of the '60s which blossomed forth like chicken pox at the end of 1959. I was deterred from this cynical project by the hordes of term-paper writers who are currently illustrating the population problem at the New York Public Library. *Life* magazine, I know, inaugurated the late decade with a special issue on "The Good Life"—something that had much to do with appliances and opulence and affluence. The same subject today ("The Quality of Life" is now the correct cliché) would probably be treated in terms of hippiedom's critique of affluence, the threat of environmental pollution, the remaining widespread poverty—how far from the Good Life of 1959! Today's oracles are cleverer: in the midst of predictions for the '70s, *Time* quietly adds, "Could all these trends . . . be reversed? Certainly." For all the "may's" and "might's" and alternate possibilities, *Time*'s predictions add up to whatever is happening now, plus more of the same.

The 1960's opened with *Commonweal* editors and contributors worried about the missile gap, confronting the can-a-Catholic-be-President question, arguing with the Brooklyn *Tablet*, doubting the likelihood of a Soviet-Chinese split, calling for more support for the wisdom of U.S. diplomacy. . . . The sit-ins, Vatican II, Vietnam, assassinations: how our perspectives would be altered! And in the decade to come?

PETER STEINFELS

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INCIDENT AT ISOLOTTO

Don Mazzi and his little flock

ERIC COCHRANE

To read the mimeographed literature about its poor and downtrodden, one might think that Isolotto was an Italian version of Chicago's Robert Taylor Holmes—or at least a Florentine version of Torino's immigrant ghettos. A quick look at the area might then confirm this impression. Two thoroughfares to the south, the river Arno to the north, and a jungle of one-way streets in between practically seal it off from the rest of the city. Many of the inhabitants have only recently moved in from the country, and most of them support themselves on the low wages usually paid by Italian factories. And motorcycles still outnumber automobiles in the streets.

But Isolotto is anything but a slum. Crime, gangs, dirt, drugs, undernourishment, and police "occupation forces" are unheard of. Well-dressed children play safely on well-swept streets at all hours of the day—and night. The six-story high-rises with soft façades, overhanging roofs, and geranium-filled balconies look more like traditional Florentine dwellings than the usual standardized projects sent out by Roman bureaucrats. Many of the three-story low-rises and most of the shops are owned by the residents. A footbridge leads across the river into the well-shaded walks and broad lawns of Florence's biggest municipal park. And the vast central *piazza* serves not to disperse, but to focus in one place the business and social life of the whole district.

Indeed, it may well be just this quiet, modest, hard-working, and not-unattractive character that has enabled Isolotto to rattle the foundations of church and state in Italy far more effectively than all the labor and student rebellions of the last two years. Its history goes back to 1954, when Enzo Mazzi, a restless young priest from the Tuscan hill country, was sent to live among the *déracinés* recently drawn into an abandoned area on the outskirts of town by the first rumors of the industrial revolution.

Don Mazzi made a few eyebrows rise, to be sure, especially when he abolished fees for sacraments, turned the new rectory into a community center (and slept on a folding cot in whatever room happened to be free), omitted the usual pre-electoral sermons on the obligations of Catholic voters, and frowned on the local chapter of the para-political Catholic Action. But no one was surprised. For Florence had a tradition of religious radicalism that went back to Savonarola and beyond; and the disquieting voice of its most recent prophet, Lorenzo Milani, was just then proving the tradition to be still very much alive. Moreover, Don Mazzi had the unswerving support of the mellow, open-minded archbishop, Elia Della Costa, and of the saintly, Savonarolan mayor, Giorgio La Pira. Thus, with the help of an equally dedicated collaborator (whom he accepted as an equal, not as an "assistant"), Sergio Gomiti, and with the cooperation of a good number of enthusiastic laymen, he set to work creating a new kind of ecclesiastical community—one that could bring the church back to those who had been alienated from it, and one that might offer an alternative to the moribund parishes left over from the Counter Reformation.

It was not until four years later that Isolotto first began to arouse public controversy. In 1958 the Galileo optics firm closed shop. And when the new community undertook to organize the hundreds of workers suddenly left without jobs, it drew less than friendly reactions from both sides of the Tiber. Re-Christianizing the proletariat was one thing. But openly taking its side in a dispute sounded like a defiance of Pius XII's anti-red decrees.

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Even worse, it sounded like an attempt to implement La Pira's vague scheme for a coalition of post-Hungary Communists and left-wing Catholics. And no such attempt could be tolerated either by the Christian Democratic Party, which was still committed to a Centrist government, nor by the Curia, which was still scared even of an eventual alliance with the Nenni Socialists.

The La Pira administration was therefore scuttled—thanks in part to its own financial blunders; and the La Pirans retired to local editorial offices. Similarly, the ailing Della Costa, who had joined La Pira in supporting the Galileo workers, was put under the surveillance of a thoroughly reliable non-Florentine coadjutor, Ermenegildo Florit. And as soon as Florit became archbishop in his own name, in 1961, the policy of liquidation was pursued with vigor. The "Lay Council" of the various religious groups of the city was forthwith disbanded. The provisions of Vatican II for intra-diocesan institutions were studiously put aside. The director of the Seminary (who had graduated just one too many Don Mazzi's in his day) was fired. Laymen were forbidden to speak about anything in church. And priests were told not to speak about any but purely doctrinal encyclicals—a category that specifically excluded *Populorum Progressio*.

Yet, strangely enough, Isolotto did not wither away. Quite the contrary. It supported another major strike in 1962. It made its bi-monthly general assemblies the governing body of the parish community, to which clerical as well as lay members were expected to defer. It organized relief for the victims of the flood in Florence and of the earthquakes in Sicily. It held liturgical vigils on such themes as the Vietnam war and the assassination of Martin Luther King. It completely revamped the traditional methods of catechetical instruction to make them relevant to the children of the district. And it sent constant reminders to ecclesiastical authorities about the dangers of letting the church fall into the hands of a single political or economic class. All the archbishop seemed to be able to do about Isolotto was to ignore it—and to answer its solicitous pleas for a visit with curt memos about supposed irregularities.

Finally, in the fall of 1968, his chance came. On September 22 the community sent a letter of solidarity to a group of Catholics who had been thrown bodily out of the cathedral of Parma for what the bishop—and the Pope—defined as a "sit-in" (*occupazione*). One week later Don Mazzi was handed a sharp reprimand for having criticized "the state, the rich men, and the banks," who, it seems, had alone built his church; and he was given a choice between publicly retracting or resigning.

Needless to say, the first course would have amounted to abandoning those who had put their trust in him; and the second course would have amounted to plagiarism: taking for his own what they, not he, had written. Hence, when the archbishop returned from a tour of Brazil in late November to find that his ultimatum had not been complied with, he refused to look either at the 5,000-name petition presented by the people of Isolotto or at the 108-name petition presented by his own diocesan priests. Don Mazzi was summarily fired at the end of a mock interview. His two colleagues were suspended *in divinis*. The Isolotto Catechism, which had just been published by the Catholic house *Società Editrice Fiorentina,* was banned. When members of the community then organized a parade to the cathedral, and when they continued to hold Bible-reading sessions in the church, some 400 of them were arrested under a strange clause in the Italian criminal code about "offenses against the religion of the state." The church was then locked up, the orphans were thrown out of the rectory, and four priests specially imported from Vicenza were sent to proclaim from the altar of a nearby chapel that "there was nothing Christian or even religious" in the experiments of the "so-called community."

That should have closed the question—particularly in a country where an archbishop of Bologna can be retired prematurely and a popular Salesian theologian exiled without anyone daring to object, where the underground churches are so carefully hidden that even the diligent religious editor of *Espresso* can locate only a few of them, and where troublesome groups invariably vanish as soon as their charismatic leaders are removed. But instead, the question remained open. For one thing, Isolotto turned out to be not merely a collection of individuals (as the archbishop insists it is), but an institution, one capable of surviving the defection or the departure of any of its members, including the priests. For another, it had become a rallying point for scores of other "Isolottos" all over Italy —the *Vandalino* of Torino, the *Pax Christi* of Bergamo, the *Cristo Re* of Bolzano; and it had thus assumed a moral obligation to survive that went far beyond its own immediate boundaries. Moreover, its dedication to the ideal of poverty (and its willingness to do without even a roof) had made it immune to the kind of financial pressure that can cause such difficulties everywhere else this side of Cuernavaca.

Worse yet, Isolotto had become too well known to permit its simply being silenced. For the Italian secular press was discovering (as Carlo Falconi notes in *La contestazione nella chiesa*—Feltrinelli) that theology and religion could be as popular and as profitable subjects in Italy as they are in the United States, and paperback documentaries about Isolotto were already threatening to crowd Mao and Ché off bookstore shelves. Indeed, the chancery was so annoyed by the publicity that it began referring even to the conservative daily *La Nazione* with the derogative term *una certa stampa*. But worst of all, Isolotto had managed to comb out (to use the metaphor of one observer) a whole bundle of theological knots left over from Vatican II. It had brought a concrete experience to bear upon such theoretical problems as the nature of episcopal authority, the role of the priesthood, the autonomy of civic life, and the communal aspect of ecclesiastical organ-

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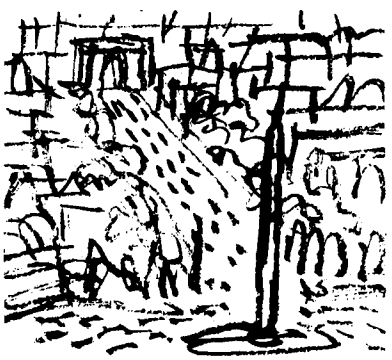
ization. And it had forced friends and foes alike to take positions on such practical problems as the function of canon law, the legitimacy of the 1929 Concordat, and the relation of the hierarchy to the various segments of secular society.

Thus on July 20 of this year the question of Isolotto suddenly bounced back into the headlines. Despairing of any reconciliation in the immediate future, and realizing the spiritual dangers of prolonging its "eucharistic fast," the community resumed the celebration of Mass—not in the church, to be sure, which was still locked, but out in



the *piazza,* and with the assistance not of its own priests, who were still suspended, but of the numerous extra-diocesan priests who offered their services.

The moment was a particularly grave one. Theologians from all over the world were just then pouring into Italy for a round of international conferences; and any sign of dissent within the Italian church might have led them to question the united front then being prepared for the forthcoming synod. Moreover, a survey published in the weekly *Espresso* had just revealed the existence of widespread discontent among the lower clergy; and the slightest breach in post-Tridentine discipline might have provoked a wave of vocational crises. Worse yet, the Left-Center government had just collapsed; and the old La Pira formula of a Catholic-Communist coalition seemed once again to offer at least one possible way out of the ensuing interregnum.

The archbishop (or the Curia—no one knows just how much he does on his own) had to move quickly. Unfortunately, the old tactics backfired. A rigorous denunciation of unauthorized Masses dwindled into a feeble admission that the Masses were valid even if they were "sacrilegious." And a request for assistance from the secular arm got bogged down in some constitutional article about the freedom of assembly. So the tactics had to be changed. On August 12, just in time to avoid the appearance of responding to an unsolicited, and most unwelcome, offer of mediation by an ecumenical conference then in session at nearby Camaldoli, the archbishop had himself driven to Isolotto—for the first time in his eight-year tenure. And he personally handed the three priests no less than a written invitation to move right into his own house—"so that we can get to know one another."

This time the community was caught defenseless. Authoritarianism had suddenly given way to charity, and a solution to what no Catholic could admit as a tenable situation seemed to be at hand. True, the chancery still refused to recognize the "so-called" community, and the diocesan weekly, while elevating the archbishop to saint-hood, repeated the same old demands for unconditional surrender. But at the moment there was no choice. The Masses were forthwith suspended, and the priests were wished godspeed and quick return.

Then, two weeks later, just when it was least expected, the blow fell. At 10 PM on Saturday, August 30—by which time most Isolottans should have been out partying or in bed—Don Mazzi was informed that the archbishop himself would be present to say Mass in the church the next morning. Consternation. Mounted loudspeakers hastily summoned an assembly, and a delegation was immediately dispatched to the chancery. Did this announcement mean, as one member put it, that "we are no longer outcasts"? Did it mean that the criminal charges would be dropped and that the long sought dialogue would at last begin?

At 2 AM the delegation returned with the answer; and it was a clear, unequivocal *No.* The invitation to the priests, the archbishop had admitted, was merely a way of getting them out of Isolotto, and the forthcoming Mass was meant to dissolve once and for all a group of obstinate schismatics with whom he had not the slightest intention of talking. Indeed, when a detachment of police escorted him up the steps at 11 AM, it was obvious from the "songs that have never been heard before" that most of the thousand-odd enthusiastic supporters inside the church had been brought in from other, more reliable parishes. When a number of them stomped out after the usual sermon on the absolute authority of bishops, it was obvious also that not all of them had been told what was expected of them.

Meanwhile, the members of the community remained outside in the *piazza,* their stunned and at times tearful silence broken only by readings from the Prophets and the Passion. The next day several of them were publicly charged by the chairman of the local Neo-Fascist Party (MSI), whose followers had turned up *en masse* on Sunday, of one more "offense against the religion of the state." And on Tuesday a hundred more of them received arrest warrants for complicity in the "disturbances" of last winter.

Actually, no one should have been surprised at the outcome. For one thing, the two principal protagonists are men of diametrically opposite character. One is elderly, corpulent, impeccably arrayed in elegant red garments, capable of talking at, but never with, anyone, and unwilling to compromise his authoritative bearing with the slightest gesture of intimacy. The other is in early middle age, ascetically thin, invariably dressed in a black sport shirt, capable of saying "I think" and "I would suggest",

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but never "I say," and never unwilling to talk to anyone about anything in private.

For another thing, the two protagonists represent completely different positions on questions of ecclesiology. To one, the church is a strict hierarchy in which each single successor of the Apostles receives the whole faith directly from Christ, and in which priests are nothing but the executors of the orders that the bishop sends down to a completely passive laity. To the other, the church is a community, or rather a federation of communities, in which duly ordained priests serve partially to counsel the faithful and partially to transmit to the Federation what God says in particular situations "whenever two or three are gathered together."

True, these two positions are no more irreconcilable than the conflicting positions on grace and free will or on faith and good works have been in the past. Indeed Ernesto Balducci had little trouble putting them together in his declaration of September 1 (*Testimonianze* 116). Moreover, an institution that has survived such personality conflicts as those between Augustine and Jerome or between Philip Neri and Paul IV ought certainly to be able to muddle through this one. But unfortunately both the positions and the personalities have now become hopelessly polarized.

As Daniele Protti put it in *Mondo Nuovo* (September 7), "in moments like this, compromises vanish"; and whatever middle ground may once have connected the two poles has vanished as well. The somewhat tolerant president of the Italian episcopate, Cardinal Urbani, has died. The 108 diocesan priests who signed the petition last fall have been ignored or rebuffed. Even Ernesto Balducci, who has done more than anyone to explain Isolotto in comprehensible theological language, is both criticized for lukewarmness and denounced for the usual "offenses." And while the gospel is preached in one place to the poor and in another place to the bankers, the spiritual needs of the vast majority of Florentines—of those, that is, who are pulling themselves up through the "economic miracle" into the two-car category—have been all but forgotten.

Who Will Win?

The events of the night of August 30 have eliminated one question: How can the two sides be brought together?; and they have put another in its place: Which side will win? To be sure, each side has its weaknesses. The archbishop runs the risk of driving every spark of creativity out of the diocese and then letting the hollow core be infected with passive disobedience. Isolotto runs the risk of letting its assemblies become a stage for disgruntled theologians or simply of slipping into indifference once the excitement is over (see *Informations Catholiques Internationales,* September 1969). But each has its strengths, too.

One is backed up by canon law and quotations from Ignatius of Antioch. The other is backed up by post-Conciliar theology and quotations from Paul of Tarsus. One has the sympathy of the national magazines *Borghese* and *Grazia* (September 28), of the "Missini" (MSI), and of half the Christian Democrats. The other has the sympathy of the Genoese daily *Il Lavoro,* of the Radical Socialists (PSIUP), and of the other half of the Christian Democrats. One is supported by all but one of the Italian bishops, by the Catholic Anti-Communist League, by the state prosecutor ("His Eminence, . . . the sole depository of power . . ."), and by the Tuscan Industrialists Association ("the filial devotion of working men . . ."). The other is supported by a constant stream of visitors from abroad, by the organizers of the recent demonstration in Piazza dei Ciompi, and by the several thousand determined and well-tried Isolattans who never miss a Sunday Mass in the *piazza* or a Wednesday night assembly in the *baracche.*

The balance of forces, in other words, is just about equal. Isolotto cannot get rid of the archbishop, since no one in authority will read its petitions for his removal. The archbishop cannot get rid of Isolotto, since no one any longer takes his anathemas seriously. Thus the answer to the questions is that neither side will win. And the Florentine church will probably remain tragically divided for many years to come.

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WINTER

JOHN ROBERT QUINN

Slowly the world is turning on its cold
Axle. The claws of the wind
Are sharper than a hawk's. Time moves like numbed
Water—the brook is drowned.

The meadow is a swan transformed by sleep
Into an endless white
Silence. The heart of summer throbs like bees
Where bloodroots hibernate.

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IN THE WEST

HAROLD ISBELL

The eucalyptus leaf
raises its sibilant tip to
the breeze and I think
of rain against
a window.

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Arab refugee child and tent school.

Which Do You

If you hate neither –
If you love both –
If you want to see peace – not bloodshed and terror – in their future and ours

–you can speak for reconciliation.
The PEACE SHIP is moored in New York's East River at 26th Street.
WITH YOUR HELP it can be converted into a floating radio station. It can become a VOICE OF PEACE broadcasting from the Mediterranean to both sides in the Arab-Israel conflict.
Without your help, the cause is doomed.
Abie Nathan, living aboard the PEACE SHIP for three months, has received less than $10,000 of the $150,000 needed for equipment.
A volunteer crew of Arabs, Israelis, Dutchmen, Frenchmen and Americans will have to be turned away.
Nathan, world-famous Israeli "peace pilot" has devoted himself to Mideast peace for the past five years, interrupting his mission only to perform the works of peace for starving Biafrans and Indians.

War in the Middle East, far more than war in Vietnam, carries with it the horrible promise of World War III

–Eugene Black, former World Bank Head

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Side HATE?

28 Israeli children were wounded when school bus struck a mine.

How long can Christians be silent?

Hatred, suspicion and bloodshed are exploding in the Middle East, condemning this and succeeding generations to "live by the sword."

The Christians of Holland have spoken by contributing $70,000 to purchase the PEACE SHIP, a 170 foot, 570 ton freighter.

The PEACE SHIP can bear witness to all the peoples of the Middle East of our human concern for them, of our pain that they have been so cruelly wronged by history.

Your help to the PEACE SHIP can bear witness to the fact that Christians should try to be mediators in the Arab-Israeli conflict, that the Christian community should always be the reconciling community.

Only if you give now, will the VOICE OF PEACE be able to beam rational news reports, words of moderation and peace messages from the Koran, Hebrew scriptures and the New Testament to an inflamed atmosphere. Broadcasts will be in Hebrew, Arabic, French and English. *Only with your support* can the VOICE OF PEACE carry to the disputants the deep concern of the rest of the world—a concern to prevent the "horrible promise of World War III" from being fulfilled.

PAX, Catholic Peace Association (Box 139, Murray Hill P.O., New York 10016) is the sponsor of this notice. PAX urges the Christian community to support an instrument of reconciliation before it is too late. PAX support of the PEACE SHIP cause follows the theme of Pope Paul's 1970 World Peace Day message of "Peace through Reconciliation." Among the officers and sponsors of PAX are: Gordon Zahn, Philip Scharper, Dorothy Day, Eileen Egan, Clarice Danielsson, James J. Megivern, Howard Everngam and Dennis Keegan.

PAX Peace Ship Fund

What You Can Do

You can play a crucial part in promoting the PEACE SHIP:

1. Send a donation now.
2. Organize a meeting to explain the urgency of the PEACE SHIP cause.
3. Send for further copies of *this notice* to obtain support in schools, colleges, churches. Arrange to place the notice in local newspapers and church publications.

PAX PEACE SHIP FUND
Box 1111, F.D.R. Station
New York, N.Y. 10022

☐ I enclose $——— for the PEACE SHIP Fund.

☐ I wish to become a local sponsor of the PEACE SHIP and need more detailed material.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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HIGH NOON IN THE HOSPITAL

New hope for the working poor

RUSSELL W. GIBBONS

When the 7 a.m. shift in the dietary section of Pittsburgh's Presbyterian University Hospital reported for work last December 2nd, most of them were wearing blue buttons inscribed "1199," and in smaller type: "keep your damn hands off me."

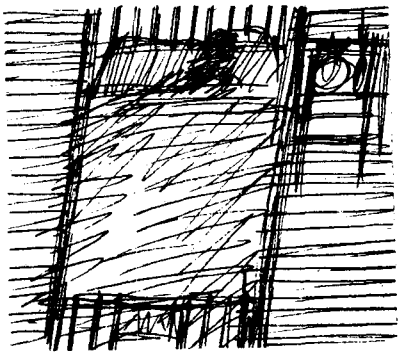
The section supervisor, not knowing or caring about the cautionary advice, told three employees who refused to take the buttons off that they were suspended, whereupon the other 75 workers in the kitchen and auxiliary units called a sit-down. The action was predictable—but earlier by some five hours, as Dec. 2 had been designated for a "High Noon" confrontation between the nonprofessionals and the administration of the city's largest and most prestigious health complex.

It signaled by almost one month to the day the organizing campaign of the National Union of Hospital and Nursing Home Employees, a newly-designated division of the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Workers, spearheaded by Local 1199, the Drug & Hospital Workers Union which earlier this year had mobilized hospital workers in Charleston, S.C. and Baltimore, Md., and which now promises to break into the virgin territory of unorganized hospitals and nursing homes throughout the United States. If the pattern follows in Pittsburgh which has occurred in Charleston and Baltimore, then hospital workers in this steel town can look forward to the $100-a-week minimum salary which is the union's basic demand.

RUSSELL W. GIBBONS *is a labor editor in Pittsburgh.*

More than 250 Presbyterian-University employees—nurse's aides, orderlies, dietary workers, housekeeping and maintenance workers—walked off their jobs or utilized their lunch break a few minutes before noon on the appointed date to gather in the lobby before the office of hospital administrator Edward H. Noroian. Wearing the "1199" hats made familiar during the marches that took place during the 113-day Charleston strike, many displaying larger buttons with the $100-a-week slogan, virtually all wearing the blue union pins, they declared their intention to have the union represent them and asked for a secret representation election.

Mr. Noroian, who had penned at least four employee letters to hos-



pital personnel in the previous month (". . . find out if outside organizers of this New York union are the type of people that you want to lead you . . . (ask if) this union would be a solution to any of your problems, or would be just another big problem for all of us"), had gone out of town. An assistant promised that the organizing committee's request would be delivered to him, and in turn the hospital directors. Meanwhile the suspended workers were reinstated and those with buttons continued to wear them on the job.

The Pittsburgh hospital is under no legal compulsion to grant an election or recognize any union requested of a majority of its workers (1199 calls a "high noon" only when union cards are signed by a majority of the hospital or nursing home employees), but neither were the New York institutions when they were organized a decade ago by the parent Local 1199 for some 45,000 workers. While many unions operate with the assist of the law, through the National Labor Relations Act guaranteeing representation elections, the Drug & Hospital Workers have been successful outside of it, as hospitals are non-profit institutions not covered by the Act.

The 1199 success formula was to plant a seedbed of unionism in a health industry with conditions at the bottom of the wage-and-working-conditions totem pole: some 2.5 million non-professionals now average little better than $1.45 hourly; they are excluded not only from the NLRA but unemployment compensation benefits and until recently Federal minimum wage coverage. In brief, they have been and for the most part still are among the lowest paid and most exploited workers in America, a part of the "working poor" whose plight is made all the more invisible by the starched whites that many of them wear on the job.

In 1959 New York hospital workers averaged $28 to $30 weekly; now they have the $100 minimum. The fledgling Local 1199 claimed barely 5,000 members that year; today it is approaching a figure which is one-quarter of its parent International,

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the Retail, Wholesale & Department Store Union, an escalation which has not gone unnoticed by other unions which always have staked out undefined claims in the grey areas of hospital organization, but which have done little more than talk about jurisdictional priorities.

Moe Foner, 1199's energetic executive secretary who has introduced a sense of community and the traditional "our union" concept into its activities, offers its recent national organizing campaign success as evidence of real labor-black coalition, with jobs and dignity as the visible dividends. In Charleston, that unity included not only Mrs. Coretta King and Ralph Abernathy, but George Meany, Walter Reuther and tough-talking Teddy Gleason, whose east coast longshoremen closed down the port city and prompted the settlement by the intransigent local establishment that had vowed to break the strike.

Turning to Baltimore, 1199 organizers won representation for 1500 employees at Johns Hopkins Hospital and 14 other hospitals and nursing homes covering an additional 3500 workers, with collective bargaining elections set for another 1300 this month. The $100 minimum has been realized or is an immediate goal for all. "The lesson of Charleston was not lost in Baltimore," Foner says, "and we believe it has been read by the Pittsburgh hospitals as well."

While the vast majority of workers in the Charleston hospitals were black, and those in Baltimore and Philadelphia from 70 to 80 percent, Foner points out that white working poor constitute about 40 percent of those being organized in Pittsburgh. This has additional significance because of the recent focus upon the city as a confrontation locale in the black coalition drive for trade and craft union jobs in the construction industry (unions representing some 13,000 craft unions have threatened to pull out from the city's AFL-CIO central labor council, resenting the Council president's assertion that blacks were only using traditional union tactics in demonstrating for jobs). The local organizers have not failed to stress the unified AFL-CIO support of their Charleston strike, including a $10,000 contribution from the Steelworkers union, which is headquartered in Pittsburgh.

Coretta King is expected to come to Pittsburgh to help the 1199 organizing campaign (Martin Luther King called 1199 "his favorite union"). The union earned its reputation for "militancy" the hard way in gaining recognition despite the clubs of New York's finest, many of them wading into picket lines on horses; its president, Leon Davis, went to jail during the salad days of the union, a fact which no doubt prompted Presbyterian University administrator Noroian to warn his hospital personnel of "this union . . . whose major tactic has been violence and disruption."

Bayard Rustin, Norman Thomas, Dr. King, Robert Kennedy, John Lindsay and Malcolm X—all came to 1199 and declared it a working demonstration of organizing poor blacks, Puerto Ricans and whites into a viable political and economic force. Its experience has resulted in a fresh independence uncommon to much of the labor movement: 1199 was the first major union to oppose the Vietnamese war; it backed Gene McCarthy in 1968 and John Lindsay in 1969 despite external pressures. It has produced shoestring budget movies for organizing that have gained notices from the critics, filled a wall with awards for publishing a local magazine (with Spanish pages), programmed name singers at union entertainment nights and theater parties, cut records (one by Dr. King) and scheduled a contingent (with hats) at every rally and march that has hit Washington and New York in the past decade (more than 2,000 1199ers from New York and Baltimore were at the Nov. 15 Moratorium).

In addition to the Presbyterian complex, union organizers have already won an agreement with Pittsburgh's Jewish Home & Hospital for the Aged and have staked out nearby Mercy Hospital, run by the Catholic Sisters of Mercy, completing the ecumenical aspect of their drive. "We expect Mercy to be the toughest nut," offered a member of the Organizing Committee. The hard line against unions has been restated by the Catholic Hospital Association, and two smaller Catholic institutions in the Pittsburgh area locked out service employees and broke strikes within the past year. Local 1199 may yet cut a record with excerpts from *Rerum Novarum* and Good Pope John.

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MEN LIKE MAGELLAN

ROBERT S. PAWLOWSKI

Men like Magellan see
This there and *that here*;
For them glass breaks
Down the thickest mist
To single drops; and
Shooting stars,
They watch the world
Turn under their ships.

So it came
That Magellan went south
First, to start in the cold
Channel with the flame-
Handed islanders waving
Him through; then west
And north across the water
Of the sun, buried
For months in the light.
Pacifico, he had said, and
It was, except at night
When the sun still drove
Through his head.

Water low, two
Ships gone, Magellan put in
His log: *Cebu, Mactan,* and
Stopped, fought, and
Died, leaving two ships
To go on until the one
With eighteen hands
Circled home and reported
Finding the Moluccas rich
As Spain had dreamed.

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MUSIC

My opera-going was a bit restricted this fall. Like everyone else, including performers, I was locked out by the Metropolitan management during this hideous impasse with the unions, and I was as good as locked out of the New York City Opera when director Julius Rudel revoked over half my press passes at almost the last moment. I'd spent my summer vacation writing a couple of pieces for the Sunday music page of The New York *Times*, and in neither did I take Mr. Rudel as seriously as he takes himself. Therefore I cannot report whether Boito's *Mefistofele* looks any better in City Opera's production than it sounds on records. Thanks to effort and luck, I can assure you that Beverly Sills, the most publicized American singer since Eileen Farrell, sounded almost as good in *Manon* and *Lucia* as my more rhapsodic colleagues say she does in everything. I must add that Sills' undeniable gifts of sweet tone, uncanny flexibility, effortless legato and soaring top are occasionally counterbalanced by tremulo, cloying style and fussy vocal ornamentation. After the delightfully *sec* Manon of De los Angeles, Sills' was rather like a very sweet sauterne; after the powerfully phrased Lucia of Callas, Sills' was so flowery that I feared our heroine might have lost her mind well before the beloved Mad Scene. (City Opera's remorselessly uncut *Lucia* almost unhinged me!) Certainly any opera house would be lucky to have her, and most would give her a better tenor than her inescapable partner, the smugly vile Michele Molese. Nico Castel, Robert Hale and the exciting young baritone, Richard Fredricks, were the only singers good enough to share the stage with Beverly Sills.

Rudel conducted *Manon* acceptably. Charles Wilson did next to nothing for *Lucia*. Both works looked far better than most operas usually do at City Opera; the traditional productions, designed by Marsha Louis Eck with costumes by José Varona, were quite handsome. Tito Capobianco's good staging would have looked better had he spared us dispensable novelties, like moving the first scene of *Lucia* indoors or raising the curtain early on Act II of *Manon* so Sills and Molese could smooch to Massenet. The better stage directors try *not* to remind us how well advanced in age and girth our young lovers are.

I indent for Strauss' *Capriccio*. This non-stop, one-act affair set in 18th-century France is said to be "philosophical," since nothing is discussed in it but whether music or words matter more in an opera. A *comtesse* and her chateau full of Parisian *artistes* do the talking. They never decide and neither can I, if *Capriccio* is supposed to be an opera, since its music was generally as labored and empty as its translation. City Opera's tacky production made La Comtesse and her glittering guests look as if all were on relief.

I had no difficulty getting into the two new concert halls in Lincoln Center. Alice Tully Hall, in the Juilliard School, is splendid in every detail (I cannot go into detail about the concert for it was an invitational event, not for reviewing). Philharmonic Hall, that acoustical funhouse, also is as good—no! better than new in a revised decor that has given it added mellowness and presence. It's back to the old drawing board, though, for composer William Russo who tried to bridge the yawning gap between serious and pop music with his Three Pieces for Blues Band and Symphony Orchestra that Seiji Ozawa conducted with the Philharmonic. Something called the Cork Siegel Blues Band assisted. It had enough electronic gear to convince me the young's declared scorn for Technology must be a love-hate relationship. Russo's Pieces sounded fairly mechanical, itself. Hasn't he learned that the entire pop field is ruthlessly opposed to art, to creating anything to last? Even its so-called critics accept the built-in obsolescence principle that does so much to destroy quality, though not quantity, in manufacturing everything from autos to nylons.

Some so-called serious critics would have the pop concert the only "relevant" concert today since records —they say—have made an anachronism or worse out of a series like Carnegie Hall's International Festival of Visiting Orchestras. To me, such series are more relevant than ever because of recordings. There's no other way to tell how good an orchestra or conductor really is, as was shown at Carnegie in October concerts by the Orchestra of L'Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia and the NDR Symphony Orchestra of Hamburg. A lot was missing that tape-splicing and dial-twisting had obviously supplied on disks. The Italians sounded thick and frowzy under Fernando Previtali; the German winds and brass punched ragged holes in the rich tonal fabric of the strings while Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt looked sternly on. Ah, but Beecham's old orchestra, the Royal

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Philharmonic, came under Rudolf Kempe and simply exulted in genuine virtuosity! (I except its soloist, Evelyne Crochet, whose playing of Mozart's Piano Concerto K. 271 was so sleepy I fully expected her to topple off the stool.) The highpoint of its concert was a Mahler's First of titanic power under firm, yet enlivening, control. Kempe is not one of those infamous "Mahler specialists" who pile their neuroses atop the composer's and go veering off into extremes of bucolic meandering and hysteric assertion. A capacity audience roared its approval there so I will thank Carnegie Hall here for letting us *see* how superb Kempe and the Royal Philharmonic actually are.

There was not a capacity audience for the recital by the great young American pianist, Michael Rogers, but there should have been. His Schumann's Phantasie Op. 17 was powerful and grand, his Mozart's Sonata K. 330 gracious and aristocratic and his Bartók's Sonata an exhilirating piling up of great slabs of dissonance. Of all the artists I've been grateful for in this column, none deserved more gratitude than Rogers, yet none faced so uncertain a future. If this were a just world—but, of course, it isn't.

HARRIS GREEN

NOEL, NOEL

THE STAGE

Act One of *Private Lives* is high art. It is a theater of manners, of Perfectly Elegant Nonsense. It has poise, wit, and Noël Coward's English, which is better than the king's: pompously aristocratic, filled with aphoristic *déjà vu* and a gossipy brilliance. So long as the language holds up, one feels that poverty is vulgar, in such wretched bad taste; that it would be swell—just once—to play the cad, have been to a dog show, be rude without regret.

But Act Two is low art, and the last makes one a Christian. Such wretched bad taste. Surely there will be the time when *The Portable Noël Coward* will have become the Standard Work: a case where the sum of parts is greater than any single whole. In this play one has anticipated too much of the farce, been sustained with too little intelligence and truth; and departs, like Emerson's young student too long at chess, feeling forlorn and vacant, and despising himself.

Miss Tammy Grimes in this Eifel trifle plays Amanda Prynne, who has been in love for eight years—five of them in divorce—with her conceited, entirely irresistible, and now remarried ex-husband Elyot Chase. And right off I do thank God and Mr. Coward for the simplicity of plot—as no transcending attention is possible for the first ten minutes that Miss Grimes has begun to speak, and one tries to decide if that is a real voice, and if so, how? It is that of a boozy, overbred Daisy Duck—so enormously effective that voices real indeed seem a little less than entire beside it.

Elyot too has been in love for all these eight years, not only with himself, whom he does not take seriously, but with Amanda, whom he rather does—like a selfish child who has only one beautiful toy that he *must* have because, deep down, it is all he has. On a lovely summer evening on a hotel terrace high over the Riviera, Elyot and Amanda meet again unexpectedly while honeymooning in adjoining suites with new mates. Elyot's Sibyl is the homemade type who was never made at home; Amanda's Victor is stiff-laced—she is more used, of course, to Elyot laced stiff, lying under the piano at some duchess or other's townhouse bash—and says *Harrumph* even when he isn't talking. What to do? Desperately still in love, they toss caution, along with Sibyl and Victor, to the winds, and flee for Amanda's apartment in Paris. End of One. End of fun.

Brian Bedford is impeccable as a peccable but endearing Elyot, and it is his consistently superb acting finally—for one has now got used to Miss Grimes' voice, and to her Daisy Duck way of doing everything else—which keeps the playgoer in his seat and not out enjoying his own private life on a hotel terrace high over the Manhattan deep.

Private Lives was first produced in 1930, and it is perhaps its author's most noted play. The present revival at the Billy Rose Theatre has been staged deliberately (though theatrically there was no other option) as a period piece: Ritz décor, flapper fillies, dapper dandies, a suggestion of champagne and bubbly music. But where else could Elyot roll his r's and Amanda her arse in such outrageous bloomers than in the '30s? That this play has got unanimously good notices and will no doubt for a long time attract large crowds shows that most of us still live in an aesthetic adolescence dating back to—perhaps 1930.

In the second act, as you have probably guessed, Elyot and Amanda quarrel and snarl interminably; they are found out in the nick of time (Act Three) by Victor and Sibyl (underwritten roles more or less suitably overacted by David Glover and Suzanne Grossmann), who save the lovers from rushing out on separate ways by themselves beginning to bicker and bite.

This is no play to spend money on. Perhaps sometime soon it will be serialized on television, and win high Nielson ratings as the perfect successor to *The Beverly Hillbillies*: aristocratic in a kind of corncob way, with old Ethro-Elyot chuckling out some simplefolk wisdom, and Amanda Jane getting into just the silliest little old predicaments you ever saw. Shucks. That's just about the only way, as I see it, that this here play is ever going to make it with the World War II audience of the '70s.

JOHN HEIDENRY

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BOOKS

A fresh breeze in the stuffy room of Kafka criticism

The Terror of Art: Kafka and Modern Literature

MARTIN GREENBERG

Basic Books, $5.95

RAYMOND ROSENTHAL

Kafka is out of fashion, and for good reason, considering what is in. He remains of course an object of critical genuflection, and his books continue to be read in the seminars. A good part of his present desuetude can be laid to the cultural misuse of his work by those who raided him for purely tendentious purposes, usually with an existentialist or religio-existentialist thesis in mind. Nathalie Sarraute, for example. She thinks it perfectly just, in her essay on him (and Dostoevsky), to merge and confuse the details, plots and characters from *The Trial* and *The Castle* so as to furnish herself with but another of those icily bare and minatory cubicles she calls her imaginative universe. Thus manhandled, Kafka simply becomes the mouthpiece of modish despair; the wonderful particularity of his individual works together with the developing struggle of his creative life are both washed away in a surcharged haze of generality.

Martin Greenberg's book brings a fresh breeze into the stuffy room of Kafka criticism. Above all he has had the courageous good sense to be as straightforward and downright as his subject tried to be. His book is written in a plain, beautifully modulated prose, pared to the bone, a prose that is the perfect imaginative response to Kafka's literal, severe art. And by adopting this tone, or, rather, by submitting so fully to the power of his subject that this tone was inevitable, he has written one of the most original and thoughtful books of literary criticism to appear in recent years.

Original? Thoughtful? Yes, because this is perhaps the first time that Kafka, the writer and artist, has been dealt with in his own terms, without calling in the services of the theologian or the sociologist. Up until now, Kafka has seemed, if one read his other critics, so important because he demanded so many extra-literary explanations. Greenberg, however, regards Kafka's sensibility as the chief medium of his ideas and sees his peculiar symbolism as a unifying means of perception—a visible legend, a new Kabbalah —which the explications of the theologian and the sociologist can only obfuscate. He does call on the aid of the psychoanalyst, but only in the first part of his study, and when he jettisons him we understand exactly why in terms of the compelling motives of Kafka's art. But the true originality of Greenberg's work lies in his refusal to accept any of the reigning, fashionable notions of modernist esthetics, particularly the notion of an art without discernable form, all inspiration and no technique; and by taking this stance, he has managed to shed new light on a much-vexed and, perhaps, misunderstood subject.

After this is said, the charm of his book can be traced to the fact that he loves Kafka for himself alone, not because he illustrates some thesis dear to his conceptual heart. None of us are without preconceptions, yet what is most rare these days is that iconoclastic distrust of preconceptions which characterizes the great moderns. Without ignoring or slighting the spiritual aspects of Kafka's work, without denying that a religious impulse underlay it, Greenberg seems to me close to the spirit of the original modern mood, which was intent on the workings of sensibility and suspicious of, in fact averse to, all embracing and explanatory ideologies. For the critic, this is a great release, a freedom seldom enjoyed; and it allows him to get to the core of his subject on almost the first page.

"In his early years," he writes, "during his twenties, Kafka did not quite know what to do with himself as a writer. He was conscious of possessing literary gifts, even great literary gifts, but how should he employ them? What should he write? . . . And then his imagination found its own characteristic way of working the form it needed to unfold itself—proving once again that in the modern age every genuine poet has to be his own Aristotle and himself lay down the laws his art is subject to."

To those who have waded through the Teutonically-heavy swamps of Kafka citicism, such forthright words are bound to come as a pleasant shock. But they are but a prelude, for seeing Kafka as an artist has many advantages. First, we learn from Greenberg's exegesis that Kafka actually groped, faltered, developed, and finally hit his stride, like any other writer. (In fact, what might be called Kafkaism is a monolithic entity that has little place for the real Kafka who wrote his books against the odds of a personal sense of inadequacy.) And, second, it prepares the ground for a simple yet central insight: that Kafka depended on his art in a thoroughly desperate fashion, expecting from it the pleasure, knowledge, even salvation, which he could not find in either philosophy or religion. Indeed, by a minute analysis of his early works, Greenberg movingly recreates for us a Kafka who strove for the form that was natural to him, the form that combined "poetic fantasticality" and "prosaic realism": the dream.

"Kafka," Greenberg declares, "became a major writer when he discovered his dream narrative. . . . The dream narrative made it possible for his imagination to plumb the depths of the self which were otherwise out of reach. The inward, introspective, vi-

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sionary character of a main tendency of modern literature is carried by Kafka to a very far point indeed. . . . The theme of Kafka's work is the theme of his life: the struggle of the self with itself to be itself. . . . The truth revealed in the dream is the real truth and asserts itself against the official truth of the waking life which is an official lie. The dream is an intuitive avenue to the truth . . ."

To say that Kafka's form derives from the dream has its dangers, of course. In its purely psychoanalytical version, the idea of the dream conjures up flowing, will-less, haphazardly associated images that ill accord with a firm esthetic shape. But Greenberg avoids this pitfall by firmly fixing and developing the distinction between Kafka's use of the dream-scape, with its characteristics of irrational inconsequence and revelatory depth, and the dream as a raw psychological datum. He does this by showing how Kafka combined that thinking in images which Greenberg terms his "thought-stories" (such as "The Hunter Gracchus" and "Investigations of a Dog," to name only the most well-known) with controlled dream patterns to attain his most successful art in *The Trial* and *The Castle*.

The key word here is controlled, for Kafka, unlike Freud and unlike the surrealists, felt that there was a moral meaning to be grasped "in the fantastic incoherence of dreams. . . . For him . . . the dream is the opposite of hallucinatory, it is truth-telling and creative—'the dream reveals the reality.'" And his art rises to its greatest triumph precisely in *The Castle* because he is able to merge the meditative quality of the "thought-stories" with the visionary, literal power of the dream narrative. As Greenberg puts it: "the formal description, 'union of dream-story and thought-story,' tells us what K. is striving for: his effort to unite being and thinking, concrete life and abstract thinking-about-life; spontaneous, self-evident existence and reflective self-awareness seeking justification . . . submission to the automatism of the world as a member of common life, and freedom from the automatism of the world in the solitariness of introspective seeking."

Is modernism a continuation of Romanticism by other, more informed means? Greenberg asserts that it is, and certainly this last aspect of his book should, in a healthy literary environment, have led to an interesting debate. The dictates of fashion short-circuited that possibility, for even in the intelligent reviews his book received this matter was ignored. I myself find it amazingly instructive and fruitful to see Kafka in this perspective, a continuator of Blake and Rousseau as much as a companion of Joyce and Eliot. In any event, a good book on Kafka—and this is certainly the best one we have in English—is certain to start people thinking not only about Kafka but about the entire situation in the arts. Modernism, as Greenberg says, as it expressed itself in its great exponents and especially Kafka, is above all the expression of a sense of freedom—a great, terrible, often despairing freedom, to be sure. Each person will have to decide for himself whether he can afford such freedom nowadays.

Can These Bones Live?

ROBERT S. LECKY AND
H. ELLIOT WRIGHT

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PHILIP DEASY

Can These Bones Live? is sub-titled, "The Failure of Church Renewal." One of the book's lesser reading pleasures is the authors' penchant for ready-made journalistic metaphors. To begin with, the bones of renewal are like the bones Ezechiel saw when he was set down in the valley. He noted that they were very dry. Messrs. Lecky and Wright see the renewal bones as both dry and feverish. Elsewhere they see renewal as a basketball the renewalists are currently dribbling around. Renewal is further a stick stirring the brew of American Christianity as well as a skyrocket causing church revamps. For the Catholic church renewal is a window opened slightly to let in "a limited amount of somewhat fresh air." In-

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debted as the authors are to Pope John for the latter, they are also appreciative of Cardinal Gracias' complaint that "some Catholics have opened the window too wide and let in a hurricane."

Non-metaphorically the most striking aspect of church renewal is its refusal to admit of definition. It is something that "encompasses manifold complexity, a scene of confusion, competition, replays, self-righteousness, and, maybe, paralysis, as well as strides toward experimentation, relevance, innovations, ecumenical cooperation and church activism." In short, something very feverish indeed.

To confound the confusion the authors also remind us that "prevailing attitudes—negative and positive—toward renewal are as multiple as the contents of Pandora's box." A more specific picture of the "mass confusion" is given on pp. 65-66. Here the most poignant illustration is that of the Catholic layman who finds renewal in his parish so divisive he comes to prefer attendance at the nearby Presbyterian church. Among his Catholic fellow-parishioners he finds that those over 60 can't take the new vernacular liturgy, those between 40 and 60 want progress at a more deliberate pace, those between 20 and 40 prefer only the new, and those under 20 are getting increasingly more unconcerned about it all.

Some of the confusion is dissipated by a short study of two renewal precedents: the pre-Constantine church and the Reformation. But then it is almost immediately recognized that we in the twentieth century can't return to a church of the Apostles and Apostolic Fathers, and that modern renewal must start from where Luther stopped. The multiplicity of possible attitudes toward renewal is also narrowed down to a commentary on each of the six attitudes W. A. Visser 't Hooft has provided in his *The Renewal of the Church.*

The "practical" material of *Can These Bones Live?* is contained in Chapters 4 to 7 inclusive. Chapter 4 is a commentary on five models of renewal "in your own backyard," that is, renewal springing from indigenous conditions, and not from any institutional central authority. One is the Church of the Saviour, depicted as "a Christian community unfettered by inherited denominational structures." The second model is the East Harlem Protestant Parish in New York seen as an example of "urban colonization." The third model is Emmaus House in East Harlem, "something all its own, maybe"; the fourth, "Industrial Mission," with models in Detroit and Boston; the fifth, "Traditional Congregation Revamp," illustrated by the story of the First United Methodist Church of Germantown, Pennsylvania. Some promise for the future is found in all the foregoing models.

Chapter 5 features two examples to show what happens when renewal is directed from "Out There." One has to do with the 1968 meeting of the United Methodist Church in Dallas, a meeting which was supposed to be for the Methodists what Vatican Council II was for Roman Catholics. Though the meeting voted in an extensive "revamp," entitled "A New Church for a New World," little action was forthcoming. Renewal was reduced to a word program.

The second example of the failure of renewal directed from "out there," is the unhappy experience of the Roman Catholic Liturgical Conference, particularly in its 1969 meetings. Of the conference the authors conclude in their racy way that "the controllers of Roman Catholicism do not want renewal to rack up too much change."

"Name a church thing; Chicago's got it." So in Chapter 6 one can read all about the things that make Chicago the "laboratory of church renewal." But, alas, "things" are messy and mangled there, too. Nor is the picture much more optimistic in Chapter 7, "Black Men—White Church." Not surprisingly Messrs. Lecky and Wright are fully in sympathy with the Black Manifesto and its champion, James Forman. As they remarked earlier in emphasizing the failure of the United Methodist Dallas meeting, "The pants-wetting fear which overtook the mainline Protestants of America when the Black Manifesto asked reparations for complicity in racism and slavery showed the love for the organized (church) institutions." They are convinced that the black churchmen are the only genuine renewalists in the U.S.

For the future the authors place some hope in what they call a "church-non-church attitude" or stance. They have a last telling metaphor: "At the risk of ending up as cynicism's handmaiden, no crescendo toward masterful mission for God's holy army will be fiddled here." Amen.

At one point in the book the authors speak of the threat of tedium within which they have to "explicate." They hope to overcome the threat by being "as breezy as prudence permits." Their kind of prudence is very permissive. The breezy style is too often an exasperating conglomerate of jargon, those ubiquitous metaphors, awkward constructions, vulgarisms and pedestrianism. For a refreshing contrast, both for grace of expression and for inspirational eloquence, Rosemary Ruether's four-page foreword is highly recommended.

We Shall Not Be Moved

MELVYN DUBOFSKY

Quadrangle, $12.50

SIDNEY LENS

History is kind enough never to repeat itself, but the closest thing to the amorphous and chaotic radical movement of the 1960's is the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) of a half century ago. The Wobblies, as IWW members were called, wore their overalls out of necessity, whereas the present New Left, rooted in cap-and-gown academia, wears them out of choice. The Wobblies were assembled into a single organization with a single set of principles, whereas the current crop of revolutionaries proliferates new organizations like the proverbial rabbit. Beyond that, however, there are remarkable similarities in tone and color, and it is particularly timely that Mr. Dubofsky should have published his book now.

The Wobblies were certainly the most colorful radical movement in American

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history—except, in my prejudiced view, for the present one. They were long on action and short on dogma. They were —if such a thing is possible—revolutionary pragmatists, who organized anyone, anywhere, for whatever cause was at hand, whether it be a nickel-an-hour raise, free speech, or an antiwar campaign. They were wildly imaginative, incredibly courageous, and, like the current radicals, they developed a style and rhetoric that virtually constituted a new culture.

The Wobblies didn't have a Bob Dylan, but they had a dozen Joe Hills, and they sang irreverently about "long-haired preachers," "scissor bill," "The American *Separation* of Labor," "Casey Jones, the Union Scab," and "Dump the Bosses off Your Back." They were delightfully direct. They rode the rods, tramped the roads, and went to jail defiantly, often filling the prisons to the point where the authorities had to release them or face bankruptcy feeding them.

The Wobblies never numbered more than 100,000 and they had a disconcerting habit of winning most of their battles but leaving behind few stable or permanent organizations. Unlike most leftist forces they did not worship their leaders, nor were they grimly centralized and purposive—as for instance the Communist Party of a few decades ago. They believed in direct action rather than electoral politics, and though they sometimes resorted to defensive violence and believed in sabotage of property as a legitimate rejoinder to property's sabotage of humanity, they were essentially nonviolent. People often mistook their militancy for violence, but there is —as the SDS Weathermen will eventually learn—quite a difference.

At precisely 10 a.m. on June 27, 1905 William (Big Bill) Haywood banged a loose piece of lumber he used as a gavel, at Brand's Hall in Chicago, to call together "the Continental Congress of the working class." In attendance, or supporting the Congress, were Eugene V. Debs, the legendary socialist who had led the Pullman strikers in 1894; Daniel DeLeon, the brilliant socialist dissident who always made more enemies than friends; Father Hagerty the defrocked priest; Mother Jones, the little old lady who was still walking picket lines at age 90; Lucy Parsons, widow of the Haymarket martyr; and representatives of the only real labor organization willing to join it, the Western Federation of Miners. For the next two or three years the organization was rent with factionalism, shunting off the moderates, the WFM (though many of its leaders, like Vincent St. John, remained), and DeLeon. For a while the baby seemed stillborn.

To make matters worse, the IWW was only a few months old when Haywood and two others were kidnapped and tried in Idaho on a frame-up charge of murder. But Haywood—surprisingly —was freed, and somehow the organization survived and led some of the most dramatic class struggles this nation has ever witnessed. It organized the town of Goldfield, led a strike of steel workers at McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania, the great Lawrence textile strike of 1912, the free speech fights on the West Coast, innumerable walkouts of lumberjacks and "bindle-stiffs," and a whole assortment of other fights. In 1909, when the authorities challenged the right of free speech, a headline in the *Industrial Worker* read: "Wanted—Men to Fill the Jails of Spokane." As one speaker was dragged from the soap box to the paddy wagon, another took his place until the jails indeed were filled and the authorities forced to relent. When America entered World War I, no one fought it more vigorously than the Wobblies. Two thousand of them were rounded up for opposing imperialism in January and February 1918 alone, and a four-month trial of 113 before biased Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis (an early version of Julius Hoffman) ended in 93 jail sentences and $2.3 million in fines.

The war and postwar repression, as well as the Bolshevik Revolution which drew thousands of Wobblies—including such leaders as James Cannon and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn—to the Communist fold, wrote finis to the IWW. Haywood skipped bail and ran off to the Soviet Union where he died a disillusioned man. The organization itself declined to a tiny sect which still has offices on Halsted St. in Chicago, but is little more than a subject for literary

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REVIEWERS

RAYMOND ROSENTHAL edited *McLuhan: Pro and Con* (Funk & Wagnalls). His translation of Andrea Caffi's *A Critique of Violence* will be published shortly.

PHILIP DEASY teaches in the English Department at St. Peter's College in New Jersey.

SIDNEY LENS is an editor of *Liberation* magazine and author of *Radicalism in America* (Crowell).

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Issues for the '70s

"The first question is how all the talk about the movement 'from quantity to quality' as the major concern of the society can be expressed in political terms. . . . Of course we need *more* schools, *more* housing, *more* welfare—but the real question is a deeper one. How can we improve the quality of what we've got? . . .

"The second major question we must face is how we hear and respond effectively to the growing disquietude of the ethnic, blue-collar voters of America. . . . For too long now American liberals have nursed their grudge against rednecks, racist blue-collar workers and VFW-oriented ethnic minorities. . . .

"A third question-asking-for-an-issue . . . grows out of the indisputable fact that anti-Communism is no longer a credible premise for foreign policy. . . . Would Americans support a foreign policy that stood on the side of fundamental change in the poor world rather than one which opposes every revolution as a red conspiracy? . . ."

That is how Harvey Cox approached the subject in the March 21, 1969 *Commonweal.* Other contributors would, and do, handle it differently—some concentrating on withdrawal from Vietnam, others on the increasing national concern about mounting waste and pollution, still others on the American military-industrial complex and its relationship to the fearful arms race. *Commonweal* authors will discuss such matters with varying emphases in the months ahead. But in each case, on church or state, the point of reference is concern for the common good.

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accolades that praise its glory and integrity.

Mr. Dubofsky's work, though written in very low-key, is probably the best of these accolades. I confess that the first 100 pages and the terrifying 44 pages of footnotes discouraged me to begin with. The writing is good enough, but pedestrian—like a PhD thesis—listing an enormous array of background that could have been pruned without damaging the impact. But the book grows in drama as it goes on, and at the end the reader is caught in its web as in the denouement of a Perry Mason mystery. Some of the tintypes—such as the one of Father Hagerty—are priceless.

It is an impressive book, good fare for anyone who is interested in the other side of Americana.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 395)

than coming events. At that time the Cardinal's office again called the parish administrator to say that the church could be opened to the marchers, and he added that other parishes and the Catholic University gymnasium were also being given permission to open their doors to the marchers. (As chancellor of C. U., Cardinal O'Boyle was having his say in the decision of that school to welcome these visitors.)

With council members and other adults supervising, St. Stephen Martyr housed about 200 young people on Friday night. These marchers were distinguished by their good manners and orderly use of the building.

Undoubtedly, between the council meeting and the first order of the Cardinal to keep marchers out, some parishioners expressed their displeasure to the Chancery; the council can think of no other way his office would have for singling this parish out (with St. Peter's and SS. Paul and Augustine) for such an instruction. On the other hand, some members of this city—clergy or laymen, I don't know which—prevailed on the Cardinal to change his mind. Whatever his reasons, the council

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members rejoice at his good judgment to open the church doors to the marchers. Surely order and hospitality would have been severely maimed had the marchers been forced to sleep in parks or wander city streets during that subfreezing Thursday night before November 15th.

Still unresolved is the question of parish council effectiveness in our diocese. Legally we are unincorporated and simply advisors to the pastor, who may take our advice or leave it. Hopefully the council expresses the aspirations and values of the parish it has been elected to represent and to work for. The council takes the responsibility for carrying out nearly all the social, educational, apostolic, and ecumenical activities. It gives concrete suggestions for liturgical and financial operations in the parish, and a planning committee attempts to foresee and organize parish functions for the next decade. Some of the parish activities are recited in a summer 1969 issue of *Parish Council,* published by the National Liturgical Conference.

This lengthy letter is to complete the story you began in your magazine. It is not to defend or excuse the Cardinal but is an attempt to report accurately the participation of Washington's Catholic churches in housing Moritorium marchers, even at the eleventh hour the night before. ELIZABETH DE PAULO
St. Stephen Martyr Parish Council

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: I thought you would be interested in knowing that there was no agreement with the Pastor or anyone else at this parish to use our facilities for a reception center for the Nov. 15 Mobe. Sorry, but check the facts next time. (MSGR.) GEORGE L. GINGRAS
Pastor, SS. Paul and Augustine

The Barber of San Miguel

Palm Beach, Florida

To the Editors: In the October 10 issue of the *Commonweal,* you published a short article about a hair-cutting episode of last summer in San Miguel Allende, Mexico, as reported over a pen name of the author. The devil in the piece appeared to be the mayor of that lovely city. As I happened to be in San Miguel with a group of tourists shortly after the episode, I took the liberty, with two associates, of calling personally on the mayor to get his version. This may be of interest to you and the readers of the article referred to above.

This small city is a colonial gem, a tourist center frequented by artists, with an Art Institute and a rather considerable retired American population. Like most towns laid out in the Spanish style, it has a plaza or central park square around which the city life revolves.

Last summer, this plaza was taken over by a swarm of "hippies," principally from the United States, who immediately proceeded to monopolize it, day and night, with love-ins, drug-ins, and general mess-ins, to the consternation of the community. There is an ordinance in Mexican law, which permits the police to place persons suspected of crime or engaged in public nuisance under custody for 72 hours. When the urgings of the local authorities failed to disband these people, the mayor resorted to this ordinance and placed them in the town jail, pending further consideration. Not upon his orders, but upon spontaneous reaction, the other prisoners promptly went to work and trimmed the locks of the "hippies."

It happened that the group under arrest included the son of a New York psychiatrist, who had wandered into the plaza at the wrong time. He received the same tonsorial treatment as the others.

When the psychiatrist learned of this, he immediately contacted the mayor's office for a show-down. The mayor was prepared to make an apology and release the boy. However, upon confrontation with the town officials, the doctor removed his Mexican hat, threw it on on the ground, stepped and spit on it and uttered epithets which the mayor found offensive, not only to himself personally, but to the city and the Republic of Mexico as well. Unfortunately, the bystanders understood what the doctor was saying, since, as a former resident of Argentina, he spoke Spanish. They were not exactly pleased with what they heard. The mayor changed his mind. The psychiatrist was given a short lecture and sent to join his son in jail. The inmates gave the father the same treatment as his son.

The entire group was later released and ordered to leave the town as promptly as possible.

There were mixed reactions among the citizens and in the Mexican Press; but my impression is that the majority opinion applauded the action of the mayor, as ridding the community of a public nuisance. The mayor himself is a young man of urbanity and experience, not a ruffian or tyrant type. In answer to the allegation that he was unfriendly to Americans, he noted that his relations with the American element in San Miguel Allende have been most cordial. As particular evidence, he pointed out that his family was even then host to six to eight American students as guests in his home for the summer season.

It has seemed to me that in all fairness, I should present this report respectfully for the information of your readers. (RT. REV.) JAMES A. MAGNER

Reply

The Monsignor does not contradict or deny anything *Commonweal* printed. Nor could he. On his own admission, he arrived "after" what he calls "a hair-cutting episode." And appears to have visited only the mayor, and repeats what the mayor told him. There are always two points of view that differ: that of the police and that of the prisoner. The Monsignor does not seem to have contacted any of the psychiatrists, who *collectively* complained to the Mexican authorities that had invited them in the first place. As to "majority opinion" he is, of course, entitled to his impression of what the citizens of San Miguel felt, but anyone wanting a full and fair account of exactly what occurred should consult the Mexico City English language daily, *The News,* which is Mexican-owned, and is conservative, to say the least!
CYNTHIA MANNE

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